



"Just Hellish."



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Chapter 1 by ChemicallyInsane

Ayla ran in the sleet, the things chasing behind her. She would have to fight eventually. She grabbed her glasses and almost responding to her thoughts, it morphed into the deadly blade she called Lucifer. She whips around just as the animals caught up. They were not the smartest things, the first one threw itself at her and she impaled her blade into it.

Chapter 2 by thefluffyone



Blood flowed out of the open wound. She didn't care, she was used to it now. This'll buy her time. She picks up speed and starts to run again, and watches the rabid creatures mourn over the dead one. Now you know how I feel, she thinks.

One of them left the funeral and ran after her, easily catching up. It jumped on top of her and she pushed it off, but it fell back on. It's face told a story as she stared straight into its eyes. Uh-oh. You're stuck. Then it just laughed at her. Not really, but she thought it did.

She is not having someone mocking her.

Chapter 3 by ChemicallyInsane



She kicked the thing in the stomach, sending it flying. It hits the other one and the both of them lay limp. "And stay down." Ayla growled and took off running. The wound has closed up and the blood was back, flowing regularly. Then she runs into somebody, and of all people it had to be him. Andy, the only one she could relate to. His blue eyes widen. "Need help?" She nods, he summons a throwing Javelin the best for summoning lightning. No, he is not a son of Juniter or

Zeus. Well, not technically. He is 99.99% storm spirit. He summons the lightning with ease. Andy throws the javelin tip into the corner of the monsters. He smirks. "Monster Cracklets." The javelin disappears. Ayla is now easily keeping pace with her.

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Chapter 4 by Jayde Avalon



"How did you get into this pickle?" Andy asks his comrade, still looking ahead. "Those creatures looked pretty ticked."

Ayla couldn't help but to smirk. "I sneaked into their newest lair and pounded their den-mother into a bloody pulp. Just to show them how I feel every day. It sure felt good," she adds, collapsing her lethal glasses and returning them to her nose. "How'd you know to find me?"

Andy points at the late-evening sky. "Storm told me. We were supposed to have a calm, cloudless evening. Then this big blotch of clouds comes rolling in like Armageddon, practically screaming in my head that you need help." Andy's lips curl into a mocking half-smile. "You just can't help getting yourself into..."

"Andy! Look out!"

The other's comment is cut short by another of those hell-beasts barreling at him from nowhere, seemingly. Andy whirls about, grasps the creature by the face, and fries the slimy black skin with potent static. The beast covers its face and runs off, his scream making Ayla's blood run icy. She looks up to where the beast seemed to come--an astral portal. There's something else coming through. She gasps. Andy looks up as well.

"Bloody hell," he mutters. Reaching his javelin, he prepares for the worst. Ayla goes for her automatic wrist-knives, giving a flick of each wrist to unsheath the deadly weapons. Fire suddenly bursts from her palms and swallows the blades. She whispers under her breath.

"It's a dragon."

Chapter 5 by Dylan Sharp



"So they've upgraded, I see." Andy said with a grin. "It's about time they came up with something a little original! C'mon, we can't do anything about this here. Follow me!" And with that, he was

off. He sprinted down a side street and over crashed, abandoned cars that had been left to fossilize after the past days even.

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"C'mon slow poke, do I gotta do everything for ya?" Shooting a bolt at the dragon, Andy ran back to Ayla, took her under the arm, and hoisted her onto her feet. The dragon was taken aback by this unfamiliar foe of light, and in its confusion, didn't notice the two run sideways into a smaller alleyway. Enraged, the dragon flew up above the alley, landing and placing its large talons on the buildings that made the small passageway, and breathed fire down into the alley.

Debris consisting of glass, brick and pieces of metal crashed down around them. The wet ground made it difficult to run, but Ayla and Andy dared not stop. The debris was getting worse. Dust made it difficult to see, and the heat made it difficult to breath.

"Almost there! Just after this we need to take a right and then go down!" Andy yelled.

"Down?! Where are we going?" Ayla shouted back. Up above them, the dragon was gaining ground, pulling ahead and creating a blockage of rubble in front of them. The two tried to stop, but at the speed they were going, the wet ground made it impossible to do anything but go faster. Ayla had to think of something. Soon.

"Hold on to me!" Ayla screamed, taking Andy's hand. Just as they made contact with a flame of scorching fire, Ayla's backpack became rock hard, expanded, and created a turtle-like shell that protected the two of them, just long enough to bash through the blockade and exit the alleyway. There was no time for questions about what just happened, as the two turned the corner. The dragon caught sight of them, swooped down onto the street, but was too late.

Andy pulled Ayla down into an open sewer grate in the middle of an abandoned road. Ayla couldn't see at first, as her eyes still needed to adjust to the change of light.

"You have a backpack that turns you into a turtle?" Andy asked, almost mockingly.

Ayla replied, out of breath, "My glasses turn into a sword. Are you really that surprised?"

Contradictory to earlier belief of where she was being pulled into, Ayla was taken aback by what could now be seen around her.

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